

FOURTEEN
SONNETS AND POEMS



Yours Truly
H. W. Hazen

FOURTEEN

SOME OF THE FORMS AND FORMS

BY

HENRY WILMARTH HAZZEN



CHICAGO
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MDCCCC



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H. W. Hazen

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CHICAGO
PRIVATELY PRINTED
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G. Prof. Hazen
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TO
MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE
AS A SLIGHT CONFIRMATION OF THE HIGHEST
PERSONAL REGARD OF
THE AUTHOR

INVOCATION

*Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier band;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

TENNYSON.

The only gift is a portion of thyself.

EMERSON.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	9
THE NEW YEAR	17
TO M. A. L.	19
DEATH	21
A REFLECTION	23
OLD AGE	25
IN A GREENHOUSE IN APRIL	27
FAUST	29
SPONTANEITY	31
COMPENSATION	33
ANSWERED	35
EMERSON	37
INDIVIDUALITY	39
INTERCEPTIONS	41
WHAT IS TRUTH?	43
THE OLD YEAR	45
SETTLED	46
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 10px auto;"/>	
HOPE	49
A REMINISCENCE	50
MY SWEETHEART	52
A TRIBUTE	55

Introduction

HENRY WILMARTH HAZZEN was born in Weare, N. H., April 14, 1842. From his earliest boyhood he manifested the traits of character which distinguished him in manhood. He was thoughtful, poetic, dreamy, studious, and even then was endowed with a strong sense of justice, and sympathy with all who suffered. His early surroundings were not in harmony with his finely attuned spirit. There was no outlook for the unfolding of his rare talents, and his passion for study and the acquisition of knowledge was severely repressed. His early life, consequently, became a struggle which was prolonged to manhood.

All the while, he was encouraged by the few who recognized his genius, and by the steady progress he made towards the goal of his high ambition. He always felt that he had been severely defrauded in failing to secure a thorough classical training. But if he lost in this respect, he gained in other directions, for he utilized the few opportunities afforded him so thoroughly, that no college education could have done more for him. He acquired a power of concentration

during those days that served him through life; a power of will that could not be defeated when he had decided on a line of study, work, or conduct; a devotion to what he believed to be right and true, that never faltered or doubted; and he developed a glowing enthusiasm that glorified and made easy all his future labors.

He studied law, and was admitted to the Hillsborough County, N. H., bar in 1870, and for a time was a legal practitioner. It frequently happens that the practice of law dulls the moral sense, for divine law and human law are by no means synonymous. But this was not the case with Mr. Hazzen. He readily detected the fallibilities of the civil law, and never hesitated to condemn them, and to urge righteous legislation.

He became interested in public affairs, and took an interest in shaping them, canvassing his native state in their behalf, where he is remembered by his contemporaries as a brilliant and ready orator. Honest in every fiber of his being, scorning to lend his influence in behalf of any measure that was even equivocal, he could never be induced, as a lawyer, to plead for a cause whose rightfulness was not clearly apparent. Nor would he accept as a client any person whose case was not perfectly just. For such a man the law has few rewards, and it was not strange that he came to feel the need of more congenial employment.

In November, 1877, Mr. Hazzen married Isabel F. Dearborn, teacher of music in the Mt. Carroll Seminary, Illinois. He took the position of teacher of history and literature in the same institution, and held it till 1896, when the school was transferred to Chicago University. With his marriage a new life dawned upon him. The wedded couple were friends from early childhood, and affianced lovers while he was in the strenuous struggle for education and position. It was an ideal marriage, and made the earthly heaven of both during the next twenty-two years. During his last visit to the writer of this sketch, he spoke of his wife with even more than usual tenderness, and he was always beautiful in his devotion to her. "Do you remember what Chevalier Bunsen said to his wife when he was dying?" he inquired. "'In thy face I have seen the Eternal!' During my illness I have been all the way on Mount Pisgah," he continued, "and the face of my wife has been to me like that of the Heavenly Father."

Mr. Hazzen's work in Mt. Carroll Seminary was of a high order. He impressed himself upon his students in his class work and by his lectures, so that they came to love literature, and studied the great authors as enthusiastically as did their teacher. They were familiarized with the histories of the nations whose graves lie along the highway of the past, and with the literatures they created. With the history

and literature of modern Europe they were equally well acquainted, for it was not possible to be a pupil of Mr. Hazzen and not have a delightful acquaintance with the German and English classics. He was at home in the literatures of all countries and ages, and was the welcome guest of Whittier and Emerson, Holmes and Longfellow.

He was a great devourer of books, and was not confined in his studies to history and literature. He plunged into philosophy, theology, and psychology, and gave the result of his reading in lectures replete with wise common sense and brilliancy. He was a devout and reverent student of the Bible. He never wearied of presenting its lofty ethics, the spirituality of the religion of the New Testament, and the mighty power it had been in developing a high civilization. And he always grew eloquent and enthusiastic when he presented the Bible as literature, and read from the Psalms and the Prophets in his fine oratorical style. Mr. Hazzen was endowed with a high order of imaginative power, and in his best moments, when he aspired to climb "the altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God," he expressed himself in poetry. Largeness of thought and feeling inspire his poems, which are not many, and they palpitate with earnestness and courage.

During his twenty years connection with Mt. Carroll Seminary, he made hosts of friends, who loved

him for his great heart, his unselfishness, his sincerity, and his simplicity. He was the most popular of teachers, and his pupils, scattered through the West, realize that life has been made richer and fuller to them through his instructions. "Capacity for pain" is not unfrequently "a mark of rank in nature." It is not possible for one to speak nobly who does not feel profoundly, and nature has so blended suffering with power, that it sometimes has the relation of cause to effect. While Mr. Hazzen thrilled to the joyousness of nature, with a soul attuned to its subtlest harmonies, he was often smitten with sore pain as he looked out on the conflict of life, its incompleteness and unrest. But he was never morbid, and wrote and talked only the highest philosophy and the divinest optimism.

It seems strange that one who was so vigorous physically, and who was endowed with such spiritual strength, should have fallen on the march so early. But he put so much of himself into his work, and spent his vital force so prodigally in the attainment of his purposes, that he bankrupted himself of nervous force when he should have been at his best. It was a slow decline at first, concerning which no one felt anxious. "A few weeks' rest will bring him up again!" was the general prophecy. But recuperation did not follow the rest of vacation. The weary months went by, and it became apparent that the Lord had

need of him in another world than ours, and that human love and skill could not detain him here. But through all the languor and weariness of his decline, his soul dwelt on the heights. "I seem to live very near the heart of God!" he said on one occasion. And at another time he told us, "I have had visions of what is to come that I should not dare utter!" His spirit wore out the body, as the sword wears away the scabbard. It was hoped that he might be helped by the treatment of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Michigan, and he was placed in its care. But it did not avail, and surrounded by friends, with his beloved wife in attendance upon him, he passed away, November 26, 1899.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

SONNETS AND POEMS

*Let this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone distinguished from the rest,
White as thy fame, and as thy honor clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new-added year.*

DRYDEN.

The New Year

AS speed the years in their unceasing roll,
A sense of newness fills each breaking
morn;
And aims, by which we would our lives
adorn,
Fresh impulse gain from out each anxious soul.
Yet with each falling night misgivings come
From partial failure, warding off dismay
By new resolves that wait the coming day,—
When, lo! the Fates our purpose will be-
numb.
Master is he, thus conscious of life's stress,
Who, year by year thro' toil, a path has
found
To best from better, as its vantage ground;
And he whose mission, too, has been far less,
To strive in sunshine, than in shadows grope,
Still finds his heart replete with youth and
hope.

The nineteenth century is woman's.
VICTOR HUGO.

To M. A. L.

O NOBLE woman, first among the blest,
To fill the measure of a high ideal,
With far more traits substantial, rich and
real,
Than seldom yet were by one soul possessed,
Obeying ever duty's stern behest ;
Too great by far to gaze by special theme,
But in all walks and paths of life supreme,
Thy bosom burning with sublime unrest.
True to thyself, thy country, and thy kind ;
Impatient only of the base and small,
Dost our dull age of woman's worth remind ;
And when we here great Hugo's words recall,
That the nineteenth will her century be,
Finds proof enough to know but one like
thee.

*Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees !*

*.
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.*

WHITTIER.

Death

"**L**EAVES have their time to fall," a poet
said,

"And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,

And stars to set; but all—

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
Death!"

Yet not alone superior and above,

As if he reigned the sole and only king,—

He is not that; the sweeping tides of love

From shore to shore do no such tidings bring.

Rather to each there comes in deeper sense,

The conscious presence of a king sublime,

Whose rule the years touch not, nor seasons sway,

But leaps the bounds of time;

Always with vigor, hope, and aspiration rife,

This king of kings forevermore is Life!

*Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he had been in the wrong.*

ROCHESTER.

A Reflection

HAD I but known, now pausing at three-
score,
That that which most I sought when life
began,
Was readier to be found and held, far more,
Than what I then for it mistook and after ran;
Had taken half for true the elders said,
And marked the union of my own heart
With that high speech, as well as what I read
Of the deep lessons Nature did impart;
Had I but trusted to that silent voice
That we, for want of better, conscience call,
Which by us stands in every hour of choice,
Answering the how, the why, the truth,
the all,—
Then had my life gone on expanding in its course,
Like some calm, deepening river, widening from
its source.

*We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the
perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth.*
EMERSON.

Old Age

PLEASANT it was in clear October days
To roam the silent fields, or, musing,
stand
Beneath the mellow skies, the sun's soft rays,
And feel the touch of Autumn's quiet hand.
Marvelous it was, 'mid Nature's change profound,
To note the life foretold in her decay;
To sense the vigor of the peaceful ground,
In Spring's fresh robes to deck itself for aye.
Glorious it was—the thought of what is
mine —
The counterpart of Nature's boundless whole;
Glorious to feel, though late in life's decline,
'Twas early in the journey of the soul.
Thus did these scenes confirm the Sage's truth,
That nature thus perceived is endless youth.

*A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleases, through it pass,
And then the heavens espy.*

GEORGE HERBERT.

In a Greenhouse in April

WHILE spring delays with wintry skies
o'erhead,
And fields and woods are somber, brown, and
bare,
And perched on friendless limb, in seeming
dread,
The robin sits, and snow banks chill the air;
Here, 'mid fresh leaves and flowers of every hue,
In summer's ripe and rich epitome;
I sense the coming time, I seize the clue
To the marvelous beauty soon to be.
While hopes delay in realization long,
And toil and struggle often seem but vain;
Withheld the height that doth to life belong;
No higher level reached than loss and
gain;
Here, in my heart abides a germ to grow,
Till all in life in triumph I shall know.

*He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound and weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, "Thou ailest here, and here!"*
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Faust

O MASTER of the highest type of mind,
True king and umpire in a worldly
sense,

In thee, great Goethe, all there is we find

Of man,—past, future, and the present tense.

Behind our Shakespeare in the gift of speech;

Outstripped by Dante in the power of song;

While he who first did the heroic teach,

For all of thee, his challenge may prolong.

But Man, for good or ill, his scope and goal,

Thou first of all to deepest thoughts gave
birth;

Thy head stands highest in the realm of soul,

No feet more firm than thine upon the
earth.

To write the Faust an age was used 'tis said;

Who, in less time, will say it can be read?

*And that, unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !*
SAMUEL DANIEL.

Spontaneity

TEMPT me no more; I will not be delayed
In hope, or balked in what I know is
mine;
Yet not for me is there of worth displayed,
In use or store that's not already thine.
Spectacle for the eye in dimness cast,
And prophet's vision other than for me;
The mighty "Now" withholds no insight past,
Or potent speech, that life might better be.
That which is vital, first and always new,
I sense myself, nor need to take in trust
The probability of what is true
From "storied urn or animated bust."
Thus shall life's morning never know decline,
And all that is or can be shall be thine and
mine.

*My own dim life should teach me this,
That life should live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.*

TENNYSON.

Compensation

O F all I would, the little I can know
Rejoiced I am, for of that I am sure.
Life's secret found, there's also found the
cure
For needless fear, lest Death his dart should
throw
'Gainst score of youth, consort with wasting age,
The same blot out as if it had not been;
Save from myself there be to try again.
I nothing am, a vanished, fruitless page,
Yet this I know, beyond the power of speech,
That human life to be partakes of God;
And what would end me in a sparkless
clod
With equal force might his non-being teach.
Thus stand I firm, contented, safe, secure;
Knowing, whereby I live, the heavens endure.

*O Palissy ! Within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates !*

LONGFELLOW.

Answered

SINCE I am here, the wherefore do I ask?
No single thought, or word, or act combined

Can I therein for once the answer find,
Or comprehend at all life's mighty task.
If life to me be what there is of life,
Through all my numbered years must I reveal

Each day the force and depth of what I feel,
With conscience warmed to duties new and rife.

For what I ask alone must I contend,
Like him who riches sought in storied field,
Which could not of itself its treasure yield,
Till stirred, by patient toil, from end to end.
Thus shall the world, in full of her design,
Bestow on me what really is divine.

*Shrewd mystic ! who upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoe's dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam !*

WHITTIER.

Emerson

THE sun looked old, the earth seem'd in
its wane;

The race itself showed symptoms of decay;
A moral staleness fill'd each coming day
With aspirations largely counted vain.
The fields of thought, tho' rich with golden
grain,

Ungathered stood, for lack of worthy hand
To harvest well, and feed a hungry land,
And build the world anew and fresh again.
Men's hearts were harden'd in their greed for
pelf;

The church was sunk in narrow ruts to grope;
All eyes were blinded in the love of self;
And Christ was buried 'neath a pointless
trope.

When came our king, as Truth and Beauty's
guide,
And woke mankind to hopes and visions wide.

*Man is his own star ; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Individuality

SINCE "all our knowledge is ourselves to
know,"

My highest use to others and to me
Are my own thoughts that come of what I
see,

Reflecting back and causing there to grow
Kindred in soil, in germ exotic though
Distinct ideas, of self-determined force
Gaging the weight and worth of my dis-
course,

And all of good that's in me to bestow.

Shall I renounce this inborn test of self?

Forsake my own, to follow others' lead?

Be ranked a party hack, be duped by pelf,

Or cramped in harness of some sect or
creed?

Nay, let me live the least of all mankind,

Else in my speech, myself expression find.

*Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it curves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.*

EMERSON.

Interceptions

IN youth I roamed the woodlands free,
I caught the breath of birch and pine;
The harebell blossomed fair to see,
Wild grew the eglantine.

My soul was fresh as morning dew,
My heart was clear of worldly taint;
And earth and sky a heaven-like hue,
Did on my vision paint.

Had night ne'er come to halt my steed,
Nor body pined for carnal fare,
I should have reached life's royal mead,—
Contentment void of care.

Truth is that which survives, and stands the tests, the vicissitudes, the wear and tear of experience, reflection and controversy.

What is Truth?

ASKED jesting Pilate, "What is Truth?"
And would not stay, but went without,
Leaving unanswered that which was
To save a world in doubt.

Yet "What is Truth?" was answered more
In silence than by uttered tones,
Since sealed it was to be for aye,
In tears, and sighs, and groans.

That lofty life, and mighty heart,
That walked the earth as man,
Declared what's truth in life and deed,
As language never can.

Yet "What is Truth?" if't must be told,—
In the trial of our lives,
The test of thought,—the war of words,—
'Tis what alone survives!

*In the holiday of life
Use occasion, work and climb;
The sepulchre has overmuch
Unprofitable time.*

EMERSON.

The Old Year

GONE is the hope I once embraced;
Gone is the danger I might have faced;
Gone is the dignity I would have graced;
Gone is the friendship ne'er misplaced;
And the chance wherein the good is traced;
Yet none of these are gone!

Settled

IF the gods begat us not,
Time will get ourselves forgot.

ADDENDA

Hope

WITHOUT haste, without rest,
Teach the prophets of to-day;
Bind this motto to thy breast,
Grant not Nirvana, Lord, I pray.

No days are overfilled with woe,
No nights but lights are on the way,
And when my soul to Thee must go,
Withhold Nirvana, Lord, I pray.

To me divine the life that is
More good than evil, gay than grave;
I could not think it to resign,
And for Nirvana then to crave.

I only ask myself to keep
In conscious life in that great day;
Engulf it not in essence deep,
Or blank Nirvana, Lord, I pray.

A Reminiscence

WE wandered by the quiet stream
That down the valley glides;
Our hearts were light, our souls agleam,
With what in life abides.

The day was bright, an autumn day,
October,—long ago,—
Yet when I think, it seems, somehow,
'Tis but a year or so.

The ready thought of that sweet scene,
Comes o'er me like a charm;
The first that's in my memory green,
The last that Time can harm.

No lovelier spot could wish demand,
No fairer sight could be;
Here Nature's wealth, with bounteous hand,
Was lavished full and free.

Her artless speech, and merry laugh,
Her eye so mild and clear,
Is fresher in my mind, by half,
Than scenes the latest near.

No hart that scales the mountain rife,
Nor bird that swims the sky,
Was more aglow with buoyant life,
Than was my love and I.

We wished the day might never end,
The brook ne'er find the sea;
The valley hold its beauteous trend
A path for her and me.

My Sweetheart

TO I. D. H.

I KNOW a lassie,
And she's a dear,
I write and visit her
Now and then, yet fear
I ne'er shall speak my love.

Tell me her excellencies
Did you say?
No pen that ever wrote
Can her portray,
Or half her worth disclose.

She is sweet and true and real,
And good and wise;
All beauty known,
Or that you may surmise,
Is realized in her.

Just what she is,
You see I cannot tell;

Nor what she's like,
Tho' that might serve as well,
If it I dared attempt.

Perhaps if I could here
The muse indite,
What might be like her
I could partly write,
And of her give a glimpse.

Did not bleak winter's
Storms and clouds obscure
At times his glorious
Face and pure,
The sun might be like her.

Did spring remain forever
Fresh and young,
Replete with daisies
To be walked among,—
Then spring would be like her.

Could summer always keep
Her rich renown,
And ne'er succumb to
Autumn's frost and frown,—
Then summer were like her.

Did azure skies, calm fields,
And woods of gold,
That fall reveals, their
Course continuous hold,—
Then autumn were like her.

Did roses bloom beyond
The reach of blight;
Song birds remain unchanged
By migrant flight,—
With these she might compare.

Did not deep winter snow,
So white and clear,
Make haste in muddy
Thaws to disappear,—
Snow somewhat were like her.

Better than all that nature
Yet hath shown,
Or art, she stands secure,
Supreme alone,—
Of whom to you I write.

A Tribute

IT is with deep reverence and scruples, holding in mind the many-sided delicacy of a nature to be respected, that I comply with the request to speak a word of my master and teacher, which word, for reverence and humility, was never spoken in his hearing.

With many another, who through the half-formed thoughts of youth sat to ask alms at the Gate Beautiful, was it given me to receive, through the power of his word, that quickened consciousness of life and art which set us young "walking and leaping and praising."

He was never the pedagogue, rather the ambassador of some high message which he rejoiced to deliver; that it fell upon dulled ears, or ears still birth-muffled in unheeding youth, was no stop to him. He had the look of one who dwelt in the upper air of hopes and loves that breathed free of the personal, his very presence rebuke to selfish ends, petty standards, and the compromise of a time-serving day. A strenuous radical, bound by no creed of church or party, he was a two-edged sword for what would exalt itself above the

spirit of simple righteousness. An old note-book yields the following naive stroke: "Orthodoxy is too worldly and too narrow," and to those who confounded dogma with Christianity he was an offence, and not altogether understood; but on the same page we find him saying: "Christianity is greater and more universal than any of us have as yet been able to see or realize. God builds his temple in the human heart on the ruin, if need be, of the churches and every other institution of man."

"If I were asked the veritable purpose of this life, I should answer, To develop within ourselves a consciousness of immortality.

"As the American republic was to exemplify in itself the last analysis of politics as a science of government, so it was also to make known and emphasize the last analysis of religion. Transcendentalism is that analysis. It is the world merged in spirit; matter subordinated to mind.

"We should never forget that we belong to the Infinite. The only right use of this world is to use it as a means, never as an end. This world is simply the soul's rescue from nonentity.

"Moved by our higher impulses, we are always in a state of elevation. I have as much right to ecstasy as to rheumatism. Why not assert it?"

He adds a new beatitude in recognition of the unsung service of teaching when he writes to a friend

who had given her gifts and art to the teaching of the young—

“Blessed is that teacher who in the midst of incessant rudimental humdrum and petty repetition is still able to suggest and embody in himself the sublime summit of a perfected science.”

Regarding friendship between men and women, he writes :

“The man who loves his wife deeply and truly must necessarily be something of a lover of all women, and *vice versa*. As a man looks upon his wife, so he looks in a measure upon women in general. Not to love is equivalent to being dead. I would not exchange the friendship of one good woman for “the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.” If I were necessitated to improvise my own deity, it would be woman. She alone is worthy of intimation as substitute, if we had to have one, for God. The man who has no friend among women, he of all others is most alone.”

The halo of a love which had grown with him from boyhood crowned his own life; we catch some hint of its fine reserve and poetry in the verses to I. D. H. He seemed never to outgrow the youth; there remained to the very end something of the boy's extravagance of feeling and speech, with the child's uncompromised loyalties. It was a nature in which self-interest was so small an element, that notwithstanding its full measure of rich gifts, failed to

57.
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crystallize in what the world recognizes as success. He was more wonderful than anything he ever spoke, embodying in his own person such a gracious loveliness that people in crowded thoroughfares were constrained to look after him, reminded of high things, himself implying what all true poems imply,—himself the best poem.

MAUD MENESEE.

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1888
58
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